

The odd, the new, the unknown life attracted him.

He awoke with a headache the next morning. The reaction had come. By noon he had a fever, by nightfall he was delirious.

For him the next twenty days were a blank. He awoke to find himself, weak and emaciated, lying on a bed in the boys' end of the wagon. He glanced from the window. As far as his eyes could reach was a level emerald stretch—grass, flowers, trees everywhere.

Outside two of the boys were carrying a pail of water. They passed out of sight around to the other side of the wagon. From that direction came the clang, clang of metal sounds. Talcott tried to arise. He sank back weakly with a groan. Instantly from the wagon living room a light form came into view. It was Miss Gregory.

Wonder-eyed and grateful, Talcott learned how the brave little woman had nursed him, had carried out the plan of the journey to "the farm." Here they were, the children industrious and happy, and oh! such grand fortune, and her eyes danced as she told him of it.

"A railroad is building right through your section," she explained, "and the wagon stands on the new town site. A man has been here daily to see you about selling him some of the property."

The man appeared next day. He looked Talcott over shrewdly. Then he said:

"I see you are a keen business

man, so I'll talk sense. I am a land speculator. I'll give you ten thousand dollars for a quarter section, and fifty per cent of what I make on another quarter section selling town lots."

"You mean," replied the broker, gently, "twenty thousand dollars and seventy-five per cent."

"I guess I've figured wrong," said the speculator. "You're up to snuff. Well, I'm ready to trade."

"And what is your plan now, Mr. Talcott?" asked the motherly guardian of the little coterie of children a few days later. "You are almost rich again."

"I shall build a nice roomy home," answered Talcott, "and we will all grow up with the country. My dear, good nurse and true friend, I have found hope and ambition where I thought there was nothing but despair. I have found love, too. Will you share the new home, as my wife?"

And when the blushing, lovable Audrey Gregory answered "Yes," Warren Talcott felt that he stood at the portal of a veritable Eden.

--- Puff-Ball Doughnuts. ---

These doughnuts are quickly made. The ingredients are three eggs, one cupful of sugar, a pint of sweet milk, salt, nutmeg and flour enough to permit the spoon to stand upright in the mixture. Add two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder to the flour. Beat all until very light. Drop by the dessert spoonful into boiling lard. These will not absorb a bit of fat and are not at all rich.